

## As History Repeats Itself

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Category: Barbie

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 18:16:16

Updated: 2016-04-11 18:16:16

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:48:51

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,391

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Legend has it that one day Philippe will return to exact his revenge on the females musketeers and the young King who foiled his plans. Now, 300 years later... After the stories have faded. When no one remembers. When no one suspects. There one man waiting, watching for the four girls to make their appearance. And when they do... it'll be his time to strike.

## As History Repeats Itself

\*\*(Okay, before you people kill me... I CAN EXPLAIN! First, this is a new story because... ilostmyflashdrivewiththeotherstoryonitandihadthenextchapterreallyclose tobeingcompletedso... I started a new story. (If you need me to re-say that slower, let me know;-) And sorry, again for disappearing...again. :( I really want to keep up with this place but, with my job it's REAL hard. I turned in my two previous assignments two days \_late. D: So, for the third time, here's me trying to get back on here.\*Getting Emotional\* Because if it wasn't for you guys here, I wouldn't have my writing job. And that's the truth! All your helpful hints and encouragement has helped in so many ways!\_\*\*

\_\*\*Okay, I'll stop blubbering and let you get on to the story!  
\*\*\_

\_\*\*Laterz!)\*\*\_

\_Her boots smacked the pebbled roof of the castle and she slowly straightened to her full height, pointing the sharp tip of her long golden sword at the man before her.\_

\_The man, tall with dark hair and dark eyes stared at her then his face twisted into a cruel sneer.\_

"\_You again, Blondie?" his voice seemed to mock her, challenging the very reason she stood between him and his prey: the Prince.\_

\_Her eyebrows lowered and her eyes flashed "You will never be King!" she declared, then she thrust her sword at him, starting the dual that could have a bitter outcome if one wrong move was made.\_

\_The hundred's of feet to the ground was but a small threat compared to the man driven by greed and hatred she faced.\_

\_The level of their determinations were equal. One to destroy. The other to protect. Each wanting nothing more than to walk away the victors of the battle that would decide the fate of France and all who lived there.\_

\_She watched his every move, determined to meet them with ones of her own. \_

\_The shocked Prince watched with a mixture of amazement and horror as his own cousin battled the mysterious masked girl whom he had met just moments before.\_

\_All of the sudden Philippe stepped forward, his blade catching hers and in a moment, he brought her sword in his hand and in one thrust sent it flying from her grasp.\_

\_She took a step back as he pointed his sharp sword at her, it's silver blade reflecting the moonlight above them.\_

"\_You just couldn't stay away, could you?" the man growled, taking a step closer.\_

\_Her eyes flashed angrily "Not when I knew what you and your men were up to."\_

\_A slow smirk crossed the man's face as he took yet another step towards her "Actually your persistence it quite useful. When you couldn't finish off the prince at the ball you came up here and had one final battle." he waved his sword at her for emphasis, it's sharpened edges dangerously close "Unfortunately, I was too late to help the prince, and when you lunged for me I had no other choice than to send you off the roof to your... tragic... demise."\_

\_Her eyes widened in horror at his statement. It was too obvious that he meant it. The greed on his face confirmed his every word.\_

"\_Lady Barbecue!" a voice suddenly shouted  
"Catch!...Catch!...Catch!"\_

\_Corinne frowned as the sword moved back and forth in midair. One second it was heading her way, and the next it was flying in reverse. "What...?"\_

"\_Catch!... Corina! Corina!"\_

~\*~\*~\*As History Repeats Itself\*~\*~\*~

Eighteen year old Corina A'gnon snapped awake and sat straight up in her bed "What?!" and the next thing she knew she slipped off the edge of her bed and crashed to the floor amid a tangle of blankets and pillows "Ow..."

"Corina?" Maria, her mother pushed open her bedroom door and peeked in "Are you alright?"

"Yeah." Corina nodded, pushing a lock of blond hair from her face "I'm fine."

"Well, you'd better hurry down for breakfast or you'll be late for work."

"I'm coming." she untangled herself from her bedspread, tossed the things onto her bed and ran over to her closet, grabbed her pink uniform, quickly changed and ran downstairs to where her mother was just sitting breakfast on the table.

"There you are." her grandmother, Ellen smiled "I heard a crash. Did we have in impromptu astronaut have a had landing?"

Corina chuckled "Nope. Just a strange dream... that I don't even know the end of."

Ellen smiled curiously "What was it about?"

She was about to answer when the front door burst open and a dark girl with dark brown eyes and black hair came bustling in.

"Corina, are you ready to go?" Rena Davis asked breathlessly "I just got a call from De'Mande. She wants us there A.S.A.P!"

Corina stuck the rest of a piece of toast in her mouth and got to her feet "Bye Mom!"

"Don't forget your phone!" Maria tossed the sparkly pink Iphone to her daughter "Have fun!"

Corina followed Rena out the door and jumped into the back of her friend's medium blue Mustang GT, convertible.

"Buckle up!" Rena called as she shifted the car into reverse and pulled out onto the road "By the way, De'Mande said it was urgent and expect to work late."

"Of course." Anamaria Lucas shook her head as she twisted her long red hair up into a braid, having some difficulties due to the open roof "Do we ever \_not \_work late?"

Vivian Charles shook her head from where she was sitting in the front seat texting "Nu-huh." She clicked off her phone and grabbed her brown curls "Rena! Put up the roof! My hair is going to pieces!"

"No time!" Rena smirked "We've got to get to the Palace NOW!"

Corina just laughed and shook her head.

She and her three friends all worked at the Palace Hotel. One of the most popular and expensive Hotels in France. And definitely the most exquisite in Paris.

The Mustang screeched to a halt outside the large hotel and the four girls jumped out of the car and ran in through the entrance.

"Where's De'Mande?" Vivian asked the Hotel's Valet, Serge.

"Kitchen." Serge answered.

"Thank you!"

"Call me." Ana Maria whispered, handing him a piece of paper with her number on it, then she ran after her friends.

Serge just shook his head and dropped it in the bucket with all the others.

~\*~\*~\*As History Repeats Itself\*~\*~\*~

"We're here!" Rena said as she and the others slid into place.

"It's about time!" Madame De'Mande snapped "We need this place sparkling before lunch!"

"What's the occasion?" Ana Maria asked.

"The man who started this Hotel, as you know, died a few years back. Well his son is coming to take it over and I want it to be spotless!" she pointed at each of the girls "Not... A... Speck."

"Yes, Madame De'Mande." the four echoed.

"Good, now get to work, all of you!" with that she turned on her heel and marched away.

"Whoo." Vivian shivered "She just chills you to the bone, doesn't she?"

"Mm-hm." Corina nodded "Come on, we'd better get busy." but when she turned around, she almost ran smack dab into two of the other maids, Connie and Melody Winters.

"Hey, watch it, \_Chlorine\_." Connie snapped.

Corina looked down at her shoes "Sorry."

"You'd better be." Melody said "Now move, \_Chlorine.\_"

"Hey." Rena said as she stepped forward "Just go around."

"Yeah." Ana Maria nodded.

"Oui." Vivian added.

Connie rolled her eyes "Like, whatever." then she and Melody walked away.

Rena sighed "Corina, you have \_got \_to stand up to them, or they'll just keep bugging you!"

The blond shrugged slightly "It doesn't bother me, really."

"It bothers \_me!\_" Ana Maria exclaimed "If you'd just tell them off

once."

"You know that's not my thing." Corina said as she walked over to the supply closet and grabbed a broom.

Rena shook her head "Oh, we know, trust me. We've been friends our entire lives and never \_once \_have you stood up for yourself."

"Surely there's \_some \_temper in there." Vivian poked her arm "A caged Tiger or \_something.\_"

Corina just laughed and handed them all cleaning supplies "We have work to do. And \_lots \_of it."

\*\*(Yay, a modern story. Okay, for those of you who \_didn't \_catch it. Connie and Melody Winters. Connie â€" Constance. Melody Winters-Milady De' Winter.\*\*

\*\*Thanks for reading! Laterz!)\*\*

End  
file.